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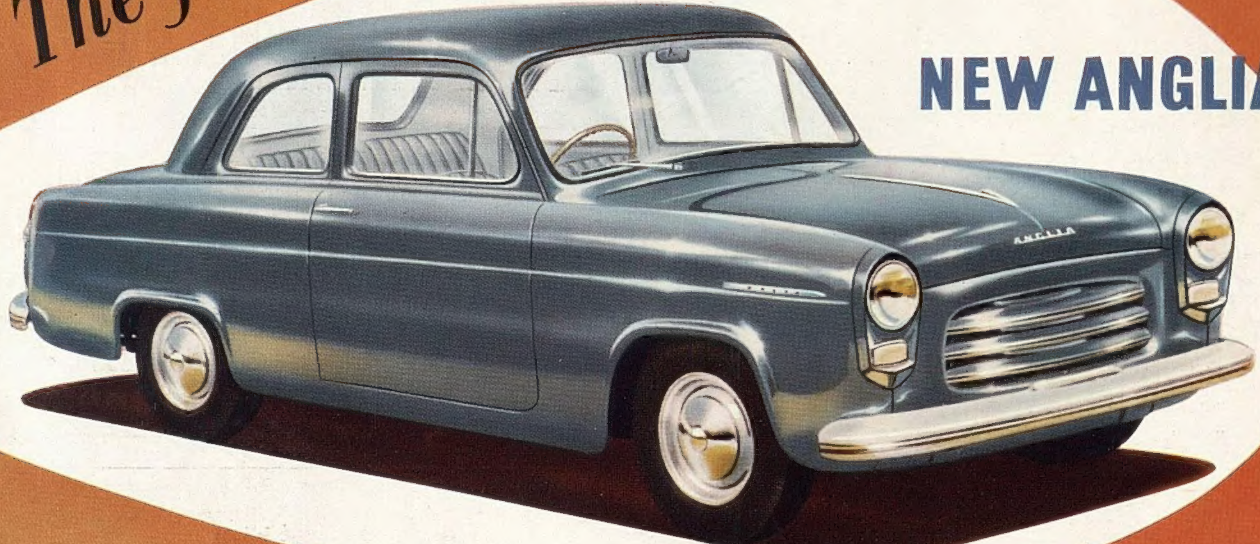

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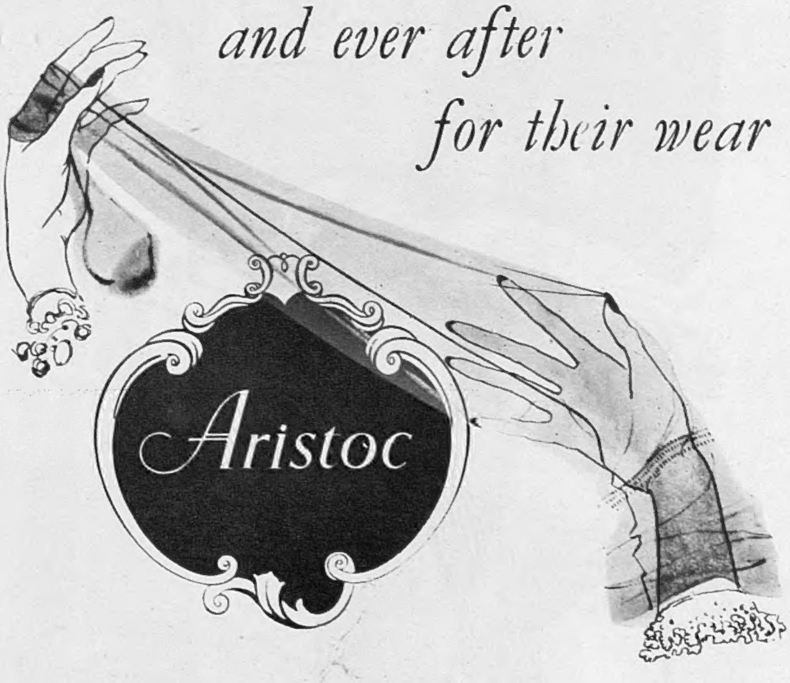

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PHOTO: UDELL, HOLLYWOOD

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P. 905 A

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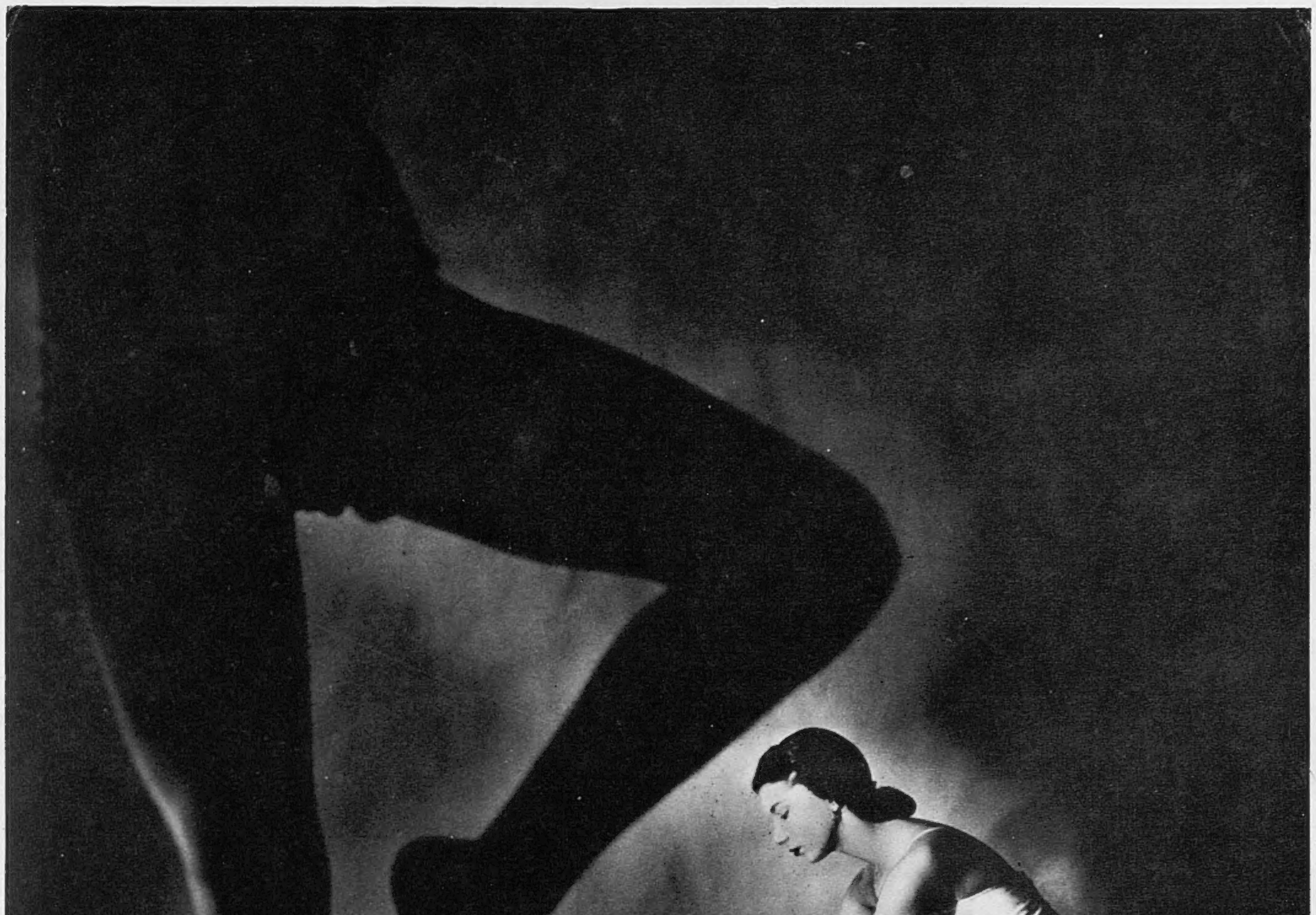
The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1953



"Modern Dance"

Light and shade and the very special magic of ballet have been delicately combined to make this delightful study by Wellington Lee, A.R.P.S., in the Royal Photographic Society's Centenary Pictorial Exhibition, open until October 17th at 16, Princes Gate, S.W.7. This special exhibition will afterwards be displayed in the Castle Museum Art Galleries, Norwich, from November 7th to 29th.

Autumn leaves . . . this lovely wood-nymph dancing on a carpet of fallen leaves in the woods at Claremont, Surrey, is twenty-one-year-old ballerina Daphne Dale, a member of the Festival Ballet Company. With the end of the season at the Royal Festival Hall, Miss Dale literally flew from Autumn into Spring when she left London by 'plane for Kenya, to spend a holiday with her mother, who lives in Nairobi.

Our Motley Notes

BY TOBY O'BRIEN

WHATEVER the merits or demerits of the case, there is little doubt that the Popular Television Association, of which Lord Derby is chairman, and which believes in "freedom to switch," is the more amusing of the two rival bodies. This is perhaps not, on the whole, surprising, in view of the aura which surrounds the activities of the B.B.C.

By a curious coincidence, I found myself at three functions within twenty-four hours recently at which the subject was being discussed. The first was the dinner given in the Mansion House by the Institute of Incorporated Practitioners in Advertising. I was amused by the witty and satirical speech of Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge, editor of *Punch*. How times change !. When I first knew Malcolm he was a gay young man, living down to the traditional Bohemian standards of his profession. The other night, there he was, with a chestful of medals, white hair, a distinguished appearance, and obviously well on the way to becoming an elder statesman.

At least one speaker paid tribute that evening to Sir John Braithwaite, the Chairman of the Stock Exchange, whose enlightened views have prevailed over some of the diehards in that conservative body, and led him to introduce the daring innovation of telling the world what the Stock Exchange does, and how it functions. Sir John has an old world courtesy which masks a very considerable determination. As a result, the City generally is greatly in his debt. Incidentally, like the late Lord Hewart, he is one of the few people I have known who still reply to letters by return of post in their own handwriting.

The following morning I went to hear Lord Derby preside—and how admirably he did it !—at the Popular Television Association meeting at the Savoy. One of his vice-presidents is that doughty fighter for individualism, Sir Herbert Williams. I was at the time, and still am, suffering from the fact that that morning my six-months-old son had, with unerring accuracy and considerable force, stuck his finger smartly in my eye. Herbert comforted me with the story of the late Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, whose habit it was to rehearse with his wife in the early morning. On one occasion, his wife, Maud Holt, inadvertently poked him in the eye. The injured Sir Herbert remarked in the

best accents of Shakespearian tragedy : " I have had no breakfast. *Bully Boy* (his famous dog) has had no breakfast. I invite you to embrace me passionately. You poke me in the eye. Curse you, Maud ! "

Incidentally, I was amused to see that at the forthcoming Conservative Party Conference an overflow meeting will be kept in touch with the proceedings *via* commentators in the hall, and that this is regarded as a considerable innovation. Memories are short, for at the 1947 Conference at Brighton, when the Conservative Party was first beginning to revive, so great was the interest that it was going to be clearly impossible to fit in all the delegates who wished to attend. Ian Orr-Ewing and I—he is the one who now has to call himself Charles Orr-Ewing, as a cousin is the senior of the two Ian Orr-Ewings in the House of Commons—got over the difficulty by using full cinema-screen-size television for the overflow in a neighbouring cinema. This was the first time full-screen-size television had been used, and the interest was so great that the overflow meeting, in fact, was a greater attraction than the Dome itself. I do not think that full cinema-screen-size television has ever been used for this purpose again, and, indeed, the experimental apparatus which Mr. J. Arthur Rank provided for the occasion was, I believe, afterwards broken up and not reassembled, though here I am open to correction by the technicians.

The third occasion on which the future of television was discussed was at a lunch of the Society of Individualists, presided over by that youthful veteran Major-General Sir Frederick Sykes. The speaker was Mr. Norman Collins, that protean figure whose activities range from writing best-sellers to tilting at the windmills of Broadcasting House. I liked the pleasant conceit of imagining the members of the B.B.C. as an exclusive Brahmin caste, living " lives of splendid and exalted isolation—impervious, impenetrable and imperturbable. There is no one to correct them. They are the unteachables in broadcasting to the untouchables." One is reminded of the classic description of the members of a famous hunt as " the unspeakable in pursuit of the uneatable."

BUSHY : by Hargrave

" Can I help you ? I 'm a Bookworm."

A SHORT-LIVED foreign servant, who reminded me of " Saki's " immortal " She was a good cook as cooks go—and as cooks go, she went," gave as one of her grounds for parting from us her indignation at having to pay income tax. A friend of mine before the war had a Yorkshire groom, to whom, in the course of time, the Inland Revenue sent income-tax return forms and other documents. These the groom brought to his employer, who patiently explained the workings of the income tax, the necessity for it from the national point of view, and showed him how to fill in the forms. The groom thought for a long time, and then said politely : " Ah 'm very much obliged to you, Sir—but Ah doan't think Ah 'll join."

I wish it were possible when one is faced with the necessity of cutting down, shall we say, club subscriptions, to cut out that most expensive of all clubs, the membership of which is compulsory—" Butler's."

PERSONALLY, I can imagine no fate more admirable than being the heir to a famous vineyard—except being the heir to two of them ! That is the position of a certain young man who comes of an ancient Irish-French family, established for the best part of two centuries near Bordeaux. The present head of the family, his uncle, has told him that if he cares to come out to Bordeaux and learn the business, when he (the uncle) retires in three years' time, the two famous châteaux will be made over to the nephew. Would you believe it, the boy wants to go and be apprenticed to a motor-car firm in Coventry, to learn about sprockets (or whatever one does learn about in that part of the world).

When F. E. Smith was first making his name as a speaker at the Oxford Union, a rabid teetotaller inherited one of the finest cellars in the country. He had the necks knocked off the bottles of £30,000 worth of wine, and the wine poured down the drain. He was a Liberal Minister, and shortly afterwards came down to take part in a Presidential debate at the Union. The future Lord Birkenhead, slim, dark, good-looking and arrogant, leant across from the opposite despatch box and said : " When I, Sir, am in Abraham's bosom, and the Right Honourable Gentleman is in hell, he will say : ' Wet your finger with water, and touch my tongue, for I am athirst and in torment '—and I shall reply : ' No. Stay where you are. For in your time you wantonly squandered a far more precious liquid.' "

I hope the young man enjoys his sprockets.

Recently I overheard a highly cultivated American, who comes to Europe specially to buy his wine through one or two famous West End wine merchants, describing his experience with one such, which has recently been inherited by the younger generation. " Do you know," he said, dropping his voice to a hushed whisper, " they offered me a cup of tea ? "

A MOST agreeable occasion where tea was *not* offered was Mme. Prunier's reception to celebrate the opening of the oyster season. It was in the early 1930's when Mme. Prunier had first established a London equivalent of the famous original Paris restaurant that I first helped to welcome the fact that there was an " R " in the month at her hospitable board.

The other night that hospitality was as pleasant as ever, and what was also pleasant was the fact that many old friends who attended the original oyster feast, such as Sir Alan Herbert, were present the other evening. Among them was John Pudney, A. P. H.'s son-in-law, and the distinguished poet. In those early days he was a slim young man, now he is the father of four—and has a figure which befits that dignity. John and I always seem to meet on agreeable occasions like this. I put it down to our popularity, and reject the counter theory that we are unusually experienced hunger-marchers !

COMING so recently from Spain, it was agreeable to meet the Spanish journalistic delegation at the reception given for them by the Foreign Office. The members of the delegation spoke very little English between them, which is not surprising in view of the fact that the Spaniards, like the British, feel that their country is the finest in the world, and that their language is the same. I know of few countries except our own which so resolutely, if charmingly, refuse to master the tongues of other peoples. In Majorca recently, I was happy to be able to send to various friends postcards of the ancient olive trees, which are a feature of the interior of the island. It took me an appreciable moment to realise that the English [*sic*] caption " milinery olivers " means thousand-year-old olive trees !

Miss Barbara Andrews Terry and Mr. John Ley check the seating plan for their table number.

Relaxing between dances, Mrs. Joan Wentworth-Watson gives Mr. Ronald Gawler a light for his pipe.

Miss Cecilia Lacy and Mr. John Hatfield, chairman of the Ball Committee, discuss the evening's programme.

Challoner Club's 4th Birthday Ball

Colonel R. G. Triggs, Secretary of the Club, with Mrs. Triggs and their son, Jeremy, who has just come down from Oxford.

Miss Yolande Negri is surrounded by fellow-guests as they dance an eightsome reel to the piping of Major Tommy Marshall, late of the Cameron Highlanders.

Peter Warwick, appearing in *Guys and Dolls*, and Gay Clark, from *Five Smart Girls* at the Don Juan Club, entertaining with a comic cabaret turn.

Enjoying a cigarette and a joke together between dances: Miss Pauline McCaughan and Mr. Andrew MacKenzie.

Dancing together to the music of Lionel Paulas and his orchestra are Miss Sally Mason and Mr. Michael Morris.

Watching the cabaret artists together here are Mr. Peter Ely and Mrs. Gerald Cronin.

The Challoner Club, which is one of the leading Roman Catholic clubs of its kind, celebrated its fourth anniversary with a highly successful ball at the Park Lane Hotel on Friday, September 18th. This was one of the first dances of the "little season" which made people enjoy themselves all the more. Highlight of the evening came at midnight when Pipe Major Tommy Marshall, late of the Cameron Highlanders, "piped" an enormous iced birthday cake, complete with four flickering candles, into the ballroom. The Challoner has its headquarters in Pont Street, S.W.1, and membership now totals nearly 3500.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by A. V. Swaebe.

Two who voted the Ball a huge success were Mr. Tony Andrews and Miss Ann Brazier, sharing a table here.

Mrs. A. J. Tressidder cuts the Anniversary Cake, watched by Mrs. R. G. Triggs, who is waiting to present her with a bouquet of red carnations.

Happy sextet here are, *l. to r.*: Dr. George Jantet, Miss Patricia Magan, Mr. John Frost, Miss Oonagh Bernon and Mr. and Mrs. John Hefferman.

JOHN NORTH.

John North, at the request of H.M. Government, has written *North-West Europe* 1944-45 (H.M. Stationery Office; 10s. 6d.) to record the achievement of the 21st (British) Army Group in the Allied invasion of North-West Europe in the summer of 1944 and to relate their story to that of the Allied programme as a whole. The narrative unfolds dispassionately and without heroics, and forms a valuable contribution to this official series on the Second World War.

Our Bookshelf

ANNA FITZALAN. By Marguerite Steen. (*Collins; 12s. 6d.*)

THE FLOWER OF MAY. By Kate O'Brien. (*Wm. Heinemann; 12s. 6d.*)

PLAYWRIGHT AT WORK. By John van Druten. (*Hamish Hamilton; 12s. 6d.*)

Reviewed by G. B. Stern

From *The Weaving Willow*, by John Marshall (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.), in which an ardent cricketer reminds all other ordinary but ardent cricketers that the game has a more homely and national significance than the usual reports of internecine struggle in Test match series would have us believe. Delightfully written by Mr. Marshall and delightfully illustrated by "Gus," whose well-known humorous drawings have often decorated the pages of "The Sketch."

IN the first chapter of *Anna Fitzalan*, Miss Steen betrays a somewhat too robust determination to avoid any ladylike flinching from reality, so that young Evan Crewe's brutal experiences as a mining engineer in Kwakwan are a little out of harmony with the delicacy and seemliness of the rest of the book. Evan Crewe eventually becomes a rich and powerful magnate of industry, many years older than his friend's young sister Anna; and in this exquisitely balanced treatment of an unorthodox situation, we are shown nearly twenty years of a relationship maintained with all the apparent dignity, fidelity and firmness of a perfect marriage.

Hardly ever have we been as completely winded (surprised is too gentle a term) as by the book's climax; though a multitude of subtle clues threading the pages indicate, and then as plausibly disguise, the chief criminal. Her three generations are brilliantly intermingled; not, as so often happens in three-generation books, living their separate lives in separate layers; more skilfully she achieves her effect by writing of their idiom, their reticences and freedoms, their standards of morality, their very clothes, as though each generation were woven in a different *texture*. The friendship between Anna, nearly sixty, and her granddaughter Lin, who represents modern youth, innocent, sophisticated, absurd, and altogether delicious, is an enchanting affair; and poor Helen of the middle layer, child of one and mother of the other, alternately bewildered and exasperated by her failure to establish authority over either, pathetically bungles her contacts with both.

At the very end, Miss Steen yields to a temptation to waft her readers out of the book on the wings of noble quotation; in the familiar slogan of "Twenty Questions," we might say that the last pages of *Anna Fitzalan* are abstract with only faint animal connections. Speaking from experience, this usually proceeds not from laziness but a sense of humility in remembering how a greater mind (in this instance the Chinese philosopher Tao) has already lucidly, faultlessly phrased the thought. We could wish she had left Anna—and us—literally down to earth; for this author does not so much describe in sentences the English countryside, especially the slopes of the Berkshire Downs, as approach them boldly through the eyes and hands of a painter who has learnt to use a painter's equipment with the right blend of love and austerity.

THE FLOWER OF MAY also has a heroine for its hero; though, when we first meet Fanny Morrow, a slim mermaid of eighteen, at her sister Lilian's wedding in 1906, no one would suspect that spiritually she will come into her own, and be able, single-handed, to take on the handsome, worldly young Belgian, André de Mellin, deflect his peril and reduce him to rubbish and foolishness.

Nor could anyone dismiss the girl's stay in Venice as a mere interlude of foreign travel; to see Venice with Fanny and her great friend from their convent school at the Place des Ormes, Lucille de Mellin, must be for the most battered traveller to go for the first time in a gondola. Fanny, Lucille, André, Patrice, the youngsters of the party, are alive and radiant, every word they speak is truly gay, brimming with the laughter that can be more haunting than tears from our very fear, unshared by them, that a cause for tears may be on its way. Yet *The Flower of May* is no fantasy; the old *Mère Générale* of the convent school, whose shrewd, ironic, loving counsels have a worldly bite in them more exhilarating—and useful—than conventional saintliness, is a woman any of us would be glad to have sitting beside us at a dinner-party. And the younger de Mellin, Patrice, has also been endowed with this odd power of concealing true wisdom in the rattle of nonsense. How unpredictable they are, all the characters who presently come to Glasalla, Fanny's beloved old family home above the Golden Rocks on the coast of County Clare; how lovely and warm and exciting; it is as though we, too, see the pageant illumined by the "minute-to-minute eye of the lighthouse lantern," and subject to its bright admonition.

IN the preface to his volume, *Playwright at Work*, telling us of a stage-struck youth, Mr. John van Druten confesses "the gallery, pit and stage doors of the London theatres are still magic places to me"; and his memories are not dank and tiresome with nostalgia, but glamorous as a basket of nectarines held out to us with the bloom still on them. Because he is not only a successful dramatist, author of *Young Woodley, After All, The Distaff Side, There's Always Juliet, The Voice of the Turtle*, and many other plays, but equally gifted as a producer (they call it director in America, where he has been domiciled for many years), he has a special double entry to "audience psychology," holding with a sort of sturdy humility that "the attention of the audience is the most important thing that a playwright has to remember. . . . A play is written, normally, with the intention that it shall be performed." Occasionally severe, often kind, always penetrating, never clogged with self-importance, we seldom disagree with Mr. van Druten; though, perhaps, when he remarks: "I have almost never used anything that I have made a note of. I cannot help feeling that notebooks are a way of being rude to one's subconscious," we are tempted to argue that one's subconscious surely is tough enough to stand up against a notebook, and does he *really* mean that what one forgets cannot be worth remembering?

He devotes more pages of his book to the careers of other playwrights at work, than to his own; except when in admirable honesty he ransacks the past trying to discover how and why he has gone wrong in his few but apparently salutary failures. As for the future, he says: "I, too, like all other playwrights, can become old-fashioned overnight. . . . I shall not mind that, or, if I do, then my minding will be a sign of my own retrogression into pure old-fashionedness, and will not be worth considering"—revealing a power to think reasonably on what matters most, which is almost staggering in our unreasonable human natures.

YOUR LIBRARY LIST

CICELY. By Cicely Courtneidge. (*Hutchinson; 15s.*)

AN AFFAIR OF LOVE. By Kay Dick. (*Wm. Heinemann; 10s. 6d.*)

THE NATURE OF LOVE. By H. E. Bates. (*Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.*)

THE ANCIENT SECRET. By Flavia Anderson. (*Victor Gollancz Ltd.; 25s.*)

THE HOLIDAY. By Constantine FitzGibbon. (*Cassell and Co., Ltd.; 7s. 6d.*)

YOUNG VILLAIN WITH WINGS. By Rayne Kruger. (*Longmans, Green and Co.; 12s. 6d.*)

SUCCESSFUL PARTNERSHIP

A happy informal study of husband-and-wife writing team George Johnston and Charmian Clift, whose latest joint effort, *The Big Chariot* (Faber and Faber ; 12*s*. 6*d*.), was published on September 25th. In 1948 they collaborated on a novel with a Tibetan background, *High Valley*, which won an award of £2,000 for the best Australian novel of that year. Both members of the partnership are Australian : Mr. Johnston is from Victoria, his wife from New South Wales. They thoroughly enjoy working together on their books, and are living in England "indefinitely."

KITTENS OFF THE KEYS : The Folies Bergère showgirls in *Pianistics*, the act which introduces Winifred Atwell—the enormous stage piano opens to reveal Trinidad's Queen of the Keyboard at her Concert Grand.

Frankie Howerd and French ballerina Cecile Tchernova (her first appearance in England) get confused between English and French !

Pardon Whose French?

Pardon My French, the Folies Bergère revue at the Prince of Wales Theatre in Piccadilly, introduces to London audiences new entertainers, and gives them the chance to meet old favourites again. Winifred Atwell makes a welcome appearance and Frankie Howerd heads a cast which has Anny Berryer, Cecile Tchernova, Los Likajos, the Trio Llanos and the Folies Bergère girls themselves.

Frankie Howerd with another leading lady : Sunny Rogers is a "senorita" and Frankie is a supposedly-impassioned Spanish matador.

Winifred Atwell flashes one of her dazzling smiles to the audience during her usual spirited performance at the piano, behind which is Anny Berryer, the French leading lady in the show.

In the Folies tradition : pretty Pearl Royce and Gay Euredge show the effect of a few grapes and a colourful sash.

IN HOLIDAY MOOD

High above the Ligurian Sea, with the coastline of Italy in the background, Lili Palmer poses for a happy picture with Cecil Beaton and Sir John Gielgud on the terrace of the lovely mountain-top villa she and her husband, Rex Harrison, have built in Portofino. Miss Palmer received an award at the Venice Film Festival last month for her performance in the Columbia film, *The Four-poster*, in which she stars with Rex Harrison.

A LADY IN A BATH: For maintaining her composure under difficult conditions.

A lady must be composed under all circumstances—but she can generally rely on a little privacy at bath-time. For tiny fifteen-months-old Margaret May, however, entertaining odd friends at any time is all in the day's routine. For this little tot is the daughter of Jimmy Chipperfield of circus fame, and weird and wonderful animals have been her constant playmates all her short life. Peter the Pelican may look awfully ferocious, but he's one of her best friends!

CONNIE TILTON and HILLARY BROOKE.

JENNETT BYE.

We Take Off Our Hat To . . .

FOUR SMART GIRLS: For having amphibious instincts.

Top right: British film stunt girl CONNIE TILTON shakes hands with Hollywood swimming star HILLARY BROOKE before their challenge race across the Thames, won by Miss Tilton. Miss Brooke has just finished making a film in England: her competitor has dived off eleven Thames bridges and swum from Putney to Greenwich in the course of her film career.

Centre right: Staff Nurse JENNETT BYE walked off with all three trophies—the Sir Bernard Docker Cup, Stone Cup and Gilmour Cup—when she took part in the annual gala of the Westminster Hospital at the Marshall Street Baths on September 22nd.

Lower right: Swimming and breaking records are synonymous with FLORENCE CHADWICK, the Californian girl who is travelling around the world "swimming straits." Last month she broke the English Channel record—it was only the intense cold that prevented her from turning around and coming back—and followed it a fortnight later with a record-breaking swim across the Straits of Gibraltar. Was that enough? No! She promptly set about making arrangements for her next attempt—the Dardanelles!

FLORENCE CHADWICK.

Photographed by Yevonde.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

A recent charming portrait of stage, film and television actress Joan Maude, with her daughter Sarah. Miss Maude, in private life Mrs. Frank Waters, has recently been devoting her time to a highly interesting form of experimental film production. With Mr. Michael Warre, she was responsible for arranging a series of short films and television scripts which have merged the use of acting with painting, and together they have just produced a short ballet film, *All Hallowe'en*, with Sally Gilmour, Oleg Briansky and Jane Baxter.

AT THE THEATRE with J. C. TREWIN

Crooked Cross, Double Cross

The Devil's General

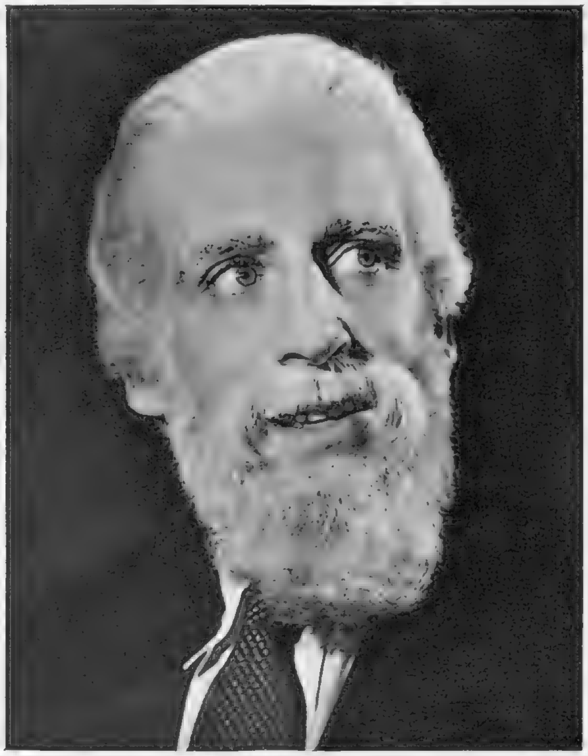
(Savoy)

CARL ZUCKMAYER'S drama was written five years ago—long enough, that is, for it to get into the reference books. A phrase had remained with me from an eminent critic who remarked upon the portrait of "the ice-cold Oderbruch." True, Oderbruch (of the German Resistance Movement) has an impressive last-act scene with Harras, the devil's general, but the character does not dominate. Since Cyril Luckham is a first-rate actor, I can only suppose that something has happened in adaptation.

The play has been shortened. That, I imagine, is helpful on the whole. The dialogue runs with ease: we suspect that Christopher Hassall and Robert Gore Browne have made a good job of it. Not that it is an entirely plausible play: it makes its effect if we consider it in terms of melodrama, but it is dangerous to turn from simplification, and to probe. As it comes to us, the night belongs to Harras, General of the Luftwaffe and former air ace, who finds too late that treason is the only way in which to aid the Germany he honours: the Germany that fell when the Nazi State was born. Harras has scorned the Nazis, but contempt alone will not do. During the war he has been working for them, and he learns that he must work against them; that any true friend of the true Germany must use the double-cross.

It is a good melodramatic framework. Although I dare say Zuckmayer meant his play to be something bigger, it is wise to take it as it comes to us in theatrical thrust-and-parry. The cast knows its work. Trevor Howard has the bravado needed for the General who is out of place in this new German world: the hard-driving swashbuckler who cannot keep quiet, and who must pay for his recklessness. To watch Mr. Howard banging away at the part is to recognise the virtues of attack. The part calls for this stormy growl, this bull-necked determination. It is the right brand of performance, and Herr Zuckmayer very properly saluted it on the first night. The General has the batman he deserves. Wilfrid Lawson, looking as if he has been sawn from seasoned timber, makes a great deal of a lively part. And I would complete a trinity of major performances with Rosalind Boxall as an airman's wife, widowed through the workings of the Resistance: one of the tragedies expected in sabotage. Miss Boxall is among the best young actresses in the English theatre. Birmingham Repertory audiences have long known this (her Margaret of Anjou, which we saw at the Old Vic, was a fine progressive feat), and in years ahead, the West End should add its confirmation.

For the rest, see the Savoy programme. A list of twenty-four parts is unusual. Some are superfluous; most are ably done (under John Fernald's direction), though I was sorry for Jane Griffiths as the play's least plausible figure, the young girl in love. Richard Warner as a Gestapo man, blend of slug and snake, manages to indicate all that was foul in the Nazi world; and Valerie Hanson, another player of quality, is a blonde scorpion. The piece begins stickily; it could, I think, be cut even more. But we are not often unhappy, and however unpersuaded we may be of the General's truth as a character, the theatrical development of the third act atones for much. It is wise, maybe, not to think of the play too deeply after one has left the theatre. It is designed for the stage, not the study.



MAX ADRIAN might almost be called a chameleon with a taste for dramatics. In Laurier Lister's revue, *Airs on a Shoestring*, at the Royal Court Theatre, which will have its 200th performance on October 14th, he plays fourteen parts ranging from a house-fly to a ghoul. In the best revue tradition, topical sketches are constantly being introduced and his treatment of a song by an awkward-booted sherpa on a slippery slope is memorably funny. He is pictured here, *above*, as an old gentleman with sweet memories of sucking lollipops, and *right*, a view of him which is getting rarer—Max Adrian as himself!

Trial and Error

(Vaudeville)

HIS name was Nightshade, so his wife called him Dudley. He vanished from a liner, and they thought she had pushed him overboard. She survived Holloway and the Old Bailey and was acquitted. She married again. On her wedding night Dudley came back; he had been nine months in a Liberian prison for reasons that anyone who knew Dudley might have guessed. But what would happen to his wife's marriage? How could this curious triangle be adjusted? It is the sort of situation that charms Kenneth Horne; he has juggled with it through a comedy that, though it does not matter very much, will clearly go the round of the "reps," and has at present three accomplished players to make a blithe night in the theatre.

I like Naunton Wayne particularly. He is the second husband; he is called Claud (and, somehow, the name fits). We cannot think why the malign fates should pitch on him so hard. Certainly he has no idea: he faces trouble with a kind of solid peevishness, a glum exasperation. It is pleasant to watch him, just as it is pleasant to observe the silkier manœuvres of Derek Farr and the wide-eyed tantrums of Constance Cummings. After all, there may be something sinister about this wife. One remembers the Victorian murderess who disposed of her husband with a poisoned cake, served her sentence, and married again. "I hope her husband doesn't like cake," said someone pensively. I found myself wondering a little about Mr. Horne's Andrea.

We get a variety of incidental amusements: Nora Nicholson's serene fumblings with a monstrous Heath Robinson hearing aid; Nan Munro's high notes; Patricia Heneghan's dewy reporter who wants more interviewing practice. There have been more exacting comedies; there have also been many less amusing ones. I suggest, then, a good pass mark.

Four Winds

(Phœnix)

I DON'T think I have met a gloomier type on the modern stage than the Yorkshire doctor Frank Lawton plays at the Phœnix. The fellow has something on his mind. Indeed, he is all but hysterical. "Mean hole-in-the-corner infidelity rots a man's soul," he exclaims; and we realise that his gloom does not derive merely from strenuous days as a G.P. in a remote village. Not at all; he resents (maybe too mild a word) his wife's infidelity; and on this late summer night he is out to do something about it.

Towards the end of the second act we hear that the wife is dead. Thereupon the dramatist, Alex Atkinson, asks us to spend the third act in deciding who murdered her. This is contrived competently in the accepted manner (you 're-all-in-this); but I preferred the first half of the play in the remote cottage, with glooming doctor, seducer's wife, two campers (one bouncing, one aggrieved), and the waitress from Poplar. It is a serviceable piece. Mr. Lawton keeps his end up gallantly; Betty Ann Davies has real emotional sting; and William Kendall galvanises the matter-of-fact camper who finds moorland domestic life a little complex. All mercifully unpretentious; but I think the author should do something about the last moments. Why not end the play without an elaborately theatrical chain of exits?

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

. . . AND THE KING OF SIAM

Valerie Hobson as Anna, in *The King and I*, which has its London première at the Drury Lane Theatre to-morrow night (October 8th). This gay musical play, adapted by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein from Margaret Landon's *Anna and the King of Siam*, brings to the London stage a Valerie Hobson who dances and sings her way through what has been described as "a Siamese version of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*." It is a rôle very much to the taste of Miss Hobson, who made her stage début at Drury Lane at the age of fifteen, when she danced in *Ballet at the Savoy*, and she becomes the first English actress to play the lead right from the opening of a production, in the series of American musicals we have had at Drury Lane since the war.

The Earl of Mansfield, owner of historic Scone Palace, talking to Mr. Kerry St. Johnstone in the paddock between races.

Miss Norina Stewart-Clark of Dundas Castle, South Queensferry, and Miss Heather Drummond of Megginch Castle.

Miss Elizabeth Moncreiffe, sister of Sir David Moncreiffe of Moncreiffe, and Major Patrick Telfer-Smollett.

The Countess of Erroll and her husband, Captain Iain Moncreiffe of Easter Moncreiffe, in the paddock.

Chatting together in front of the totalisator are Mr. Angus Macdonald, the Hon. Lady Fox, and her daughter, Mrs. Patrick Telfer-Smollett.

Miss Jane Drummond-Hay checks race times with a friend, *left*, and Mr. John Drummond of Megginch Castle.

Relaxing in comfort between races: Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. H. Hutchinson-Bradburne of Connoquhie, Fife.

The Earl of Strathmore with Miss Kirstie Drummond-Hay, daughter of Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay of Seggieden.

Miss Heather Drummond with the Hon. Caroline Dewar, daughter of Lord and Lady Forteviot of Dupplin Castle, near Perth.

Perth Hunt Races

The fine weather which has blessed much of the Scottish season continued for the Perth Hunt race meeting, which was held in the lovely park of historic Scone Palace on September 24th. The Palace, which was used as a school for some years, is at present being modernised, and when the work is completed shortly, will again be used as the residence of the Earl of Mansfield

Photographed by Brodrick Haldane.

Photographed by Yevonde.

Lady-in-Waiting for the Royal Tour

The Lady Alice Egerton will be one of the Queen's two Ladies-in-Waiting on the forthcoming Royal Tour of Australia and New Zealand. She is a sister of the Earl of Ellesmere, of Stetchworth Park, Newmarket ; was this year appointed a Woman of the Bedchamber to Her Majesty.

SEPTEMBER 16th.—GOLDEN TRADITION. Col. J. Inglis, of Grangemuir, played himself in as captain of the Royal and Ancient and is here presenting the traditional sovereign to the caddie who retrieved the ball.

SEPTEMBER 17th.—AT BROMPTON ORATORY. Miss Maunagh J. Hennessy, a granddaughter of Lord Windlesham, married Mr. Timothy W. J. L. Koch de Gooreynd. The reception was held at the Dorchester.

SEPTEMBER 21st.—OYSTERS ARRIVE. Madame S. B. Prunier threw an "Oysters of the New Season" party and Lady Dashwood and her son Francis were among the many guests who sampled the first specimens of the new season.

SEPTEMBER 28th.—SILVER JUBILEE. To celebrate the Silver Jubilee of the Ford factory at Dagenham, the chairman, Sir Rowland Smith, was host at a dinner at Grosvenor House, to the heads of the firm's associated companies and distributors. *Left, l. to r.:* Sir Rowland Smith, Mrs. Van Luppen, Mr. E. Nilsson, the Hon. Verona Kitson, Lord Airedale, Mrs. Henry Alexander and (*foreground*) Lady Airedale. *Right:* Sir Patrick Hennessy (*centre back*) with his guests, Mr. and Mrs. M. Rydman, Mr. and Mrs. J. Quick, Miss Margaret Hennessy Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Watson and Mr. Pierre Le Bas.

Notes and Pictures from

Our Social Diary

ON SEPTEMBER 19th the Dublin Branch of the R.A.F. Association held a most glittering and distinguished dinner to celebrate the thirteenth anniversary of the Battle of Britain at the Royal Hibernian Hotel, Dublin. Air Marshal J. J. Breen, President of the branch, greeted guests at a pre-dinner reception. Guest of honour was Air Marshal Sir Robert Saundby, and we found Sir James and Lady Hartigan, Group-Captain and Mrs. Ap Ellis, Colonel and Mrs. Seymour Heatley, and Dail Eireann member Maurice Dockerell and his wife being presented to the Air Marshal. At the President's table were Mr. L. B. Walsh-Atkins; Mr. W. Bruce Locking, First Secretary of the U.S. Embassy, who proposed the toast of the R.A.F.; General Sir Eric de Burgh; Captain Gerry Douglas, Chairman of the Committee, and Mr. William T. Doig, Australian Chargé d'Affaires.

SEPTEMBER 21st, 22nd and 23rd.—Every tenth hat was a red one at the annual sale of yearlings at Ballsbridge, near Dublin, which attracted breeders and racing folk from all over the country and also from England. Lady Ainsworth wore one as she entered the owners' box behind the auctioneers, Lady King Harmon wore hers with a navy waterproof, and Mrs. Boyd Rochfort sported a pillar-box red pixie hat with a matching scarf. Daily visitors to the sale ring were Sir Richard and Lady Brooke, General Sir Miles and Lady Dempsey with their schoolboy son; Lord and Lady Bury, down from the North of Ireland, and Lord and Lady Harrington, who had come up from Limerick. Sir William Waldron was there, too, talking about the chestnut filly he had just bought. There was an exciting duel for a chestnut colt by the great *Royal Charger* out of *E.G.K.*—sent up by Mrs. Ennis from Guisestown, Co. Kildare—between Sir Victor Sassoon and Mr. Bertie Kerr, who finally secured him for £5,600. In the parade paddocks we saw Sir J. Prichard Jones, the Hon. Mrs. Wellesley, Brigadier Stewart—owner of the Dowdstown House Stud—the well-known trainer Mr. Hubert Hartigan, and his wife, talking to Mr. Charles Elsey from Newmarket. Having coffee and "hot dogs" early on the second morning we saw Lord and Lady Fingal, Major Victor McCalmont, Joint Master of the Kilkenny Hounds, and Mrs. McCalmont, and Mr. Roderick More O'Ferrall and Sir Percy Lorraine.

SEPTEMBER 24th.—The Perth Hunt races at Scone Palace, ancestral domain of Mungo, Lord Mansfield, started the last lap of the Highland social fling. General Sir Colin Barber, G.O.C. Scottish Command, and the Laird of Seggieden, Mr. Jimmie Drummond-Haye—brother-in-law of the Duke of Hamilton—vied for the distinction of being the tallest race-goer, with the Duke of Atholl's heir, Ian Murray, as runner-up. They, like Lady Munro of Lindertis's chic raspberry-red tweeds and Mrs. Michael Crichton-Stuart's scarlet beret—not forgetting Miss Elizabeth Moncreiffe of Moncreiffe's emerald green coat—proved useful landmarks in the packed grandstand.

SEPTEMBER 23rd.—REOPENING NIGHT OUT. Air Marshal Sir Alick Stevens, A.O.C.-in-C. of R.A.F. Coastal Command, shared a table with Miss Barbara Kennedy when the Café de Paris reopened with a gala show after the summer break.

SEPTEMBER 26th.—WEDDING DAY BREEZE. When Miss Jean Wilson, of Alderley Edge, Manchester, married Mr. Ronald Macpherson, son of Lady Macpherson, of Newtonmore, at St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, the breeze added to the general happiness. The occasion marked the first reunion of the five Macpherson brothers for sixteen years.

SEPTEMBER 29th.—AUTUMN SALES AT NEWMARKET. Among those at the second day of the Yearling Sales at Newmarket were *left:* Mr. Fulke Walwyn, the trainer, and his wife, and *right:* Lord and Lady Irwin with the trainer Mr. P. Beasley. A feature of the day was the 8,700 guineas paid by Mr. J. Jarvis on behalf of Mr. H. D. H. Wills to obtain the filly by *Big Game* out of the French-bred mare *Vertencia*. This year's average for the day of 964 guineas per lot was slightly higher than that for the same day last year. A feature of a different kind was provided by the bay colt (*Naucide-Muskola*), who broke loose and raced round the paddock.

Among the many covies of pretty girls were Lady Cadogan's niece, Nicole Yarde-Buller, Caroline Clive and Lady Malvina Murray, whose name graced the 3.30 Steeple Chase. Lady Melissa Wyndham-Quinn studied the form with Mr. Duncan Macleod, whose father is the Laird of Skeabost, in the misty Isle of Skye. Fair-haired Bridget Malcolm, daughter of Colonel George Malcolm, of Poltalloch, watched with Lady Forteviot's elder daughter, Caroline Dewar. We also saw Sir Francis Grant of Monymusk with his extremely attractive wife; Mrs. Ian Douglas, Lord Inverclyde's niece, and fourth daughter of the House of Ardgour; Lord Michelham's titian-haired cousin, Mrs. Charles Gilmour, and her husband; Dame Flora Macleod of Macleod's heir, John Macleod, who escorted Lady Serena Lumley; both were members of Lord and Lady Mansfield's party which also included the Misses Pamela Foster and Gillian Cecil.

Sunshine streamed in to raise the temperature at the crowded private view of Renoir at the Tate Gallery. We ran into Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck going around with Lady Theodosia Cadogan, whose husband, Sir Alexander Cadogan, was good-naturedly following along behind. Nonchalantly trailing her furs along the ground was Mrs. Everleigh Nash. Outstandingly colourful couple even in that environment were painter Julian Trevelyan, wearing a red waistcoat, yellow tie and blue shirt, and his wife, in vivid cyclamen. Sir John Rothenstein, Director of the Tate, was talking to knowledgeable Mr. John Roberts. Others we met were Sir Alan Lane of Penguin fame, sculptor Charles Wheeler, and Malcolm Osborne, the etcher. As we left, Jacob Epstein arrived with a party.

SEPTEMBER 25th.—The 25th found us in Stirling, where the County Ball, held in the Golden Lion Hotel, provided further scope for the burning of midnight oil by our northern cousins. Colonel and Mrs. Hay Young brought a large party to this friendly function, staged in a ballroom of immense proportions, which numbered some sixteen strong—the requisite reel-dancing team-strength—and included Sir Charles and Lady MacGregor, sister of Mrs. Rupert Buchanan-Jardine. Lord Glentanar's daughter, Mrs. James Bruce, came over from Balmanno Castle with her husband, and looked exceedingly pretty in pale blue. Also present were Mrs. Sandy Monro of Auchinbowie, Lord and Lady Younger, and Major Patrick Telfer-Smollett with his wife, father, and mother-in-law, Lady Fox.

Uninvited group who crept down the stairs and were allowed to stay at the very successful dance for the Actors' Orphanage given by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sutro at their lovely fifteenth-century home at Oxted were Caroline Sutro, aged ten, and Jane, aged eight, wearing party cloaks over their dressing gowns. Bringing up the rear was their Great Dane, *Peggy*—like the children, supposed to be sound asleep. Guests who brought parties were Lord and Lady Conyngham from nearby Limpsfield, Dr. and Mrs. Michael Norman from Farnham, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Bridge of Cranleigh, and Brigadier Claude Dewhurst, who was just back from Berlin. The house and grounds were floodlit, there was a marquee with a bar down by the swimming-pool, and a cabaret by Dora Bryan. Dancing was in the lovely old barn, the thirteenth-century part of the house. Richard Attenborough and Margaret Lockwood presented raffle prizes of London theatre tickets, and supper was served in the "house-place" before guests took their reluctant farewells at 2 a.m.

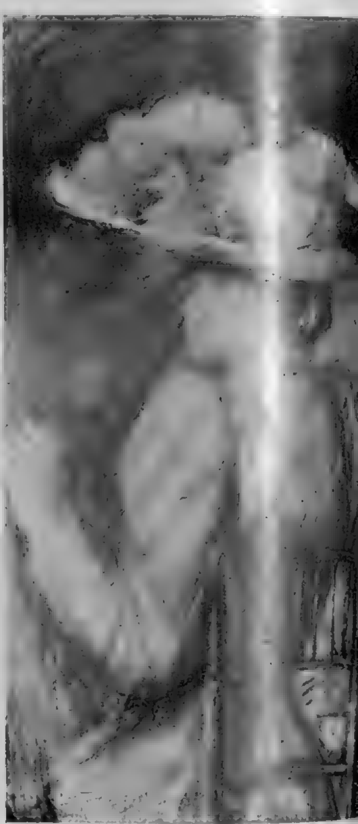
On page 288 of our issue for September 23rd we inadvertently described Lt.-Col. Duguid Milne as being late of the Scots Guards. The reference should have been "late of the Royal Scots (The Royal Regiment)."

LADY WITH A PARASOL. This lovely summery painting of a young woman with her child was loaned for the Tate Exhibition by the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. It is in oil on canvas, measuring 18½ by 22½ ins., and was painted in 1877.

GROUP BY A BOAT. There is a much greater degree ... is generally expected of Renoir, in this 20 by 24 in. se... painted in 1862, one of the artist's earliest surviving ... Messrs. Alexander Reid and Lefevre.

LA COIFFURE. An unusual attention to background detail characterises this delightful study of two young women absorbed in their task. Oil on canvas, 31⅞ by 22⅜ ins., it has been loaned by Marlborough Fine Art Ltd.

COCO. This bronze bust is of Renoir's third son, Claude, nicknamed "Coco," who was born in 1901, when his father was sixty years of age. It is one of the few examples of Renoir's own sculpting, being executed in 1907 before he became almost totally crippled. It is on loan from Mr. Louis Hoare.



TWO GIRLS. In delicate pastel, th... two young girls, although drawn t... famous and well-loved *La Première* ... easily-recognisable best. The work ... measures 30¾ by 25¼ ins. Loaned ...

Renoir at the Tate Gallery

The exhibition of the work of Auguste Renoir at the Tate Gallery, which will remain open until October 25th, is the first public one-man show of this great artist's work to be held in Britain for many years. It is necessarily restricted in scope, but paintings have been loaned from collections at home and abroad, including some from the Louvre and others from public collections in the United States. His various periods are well represented, including some of the fine works of sculpture modelled by Richard Guino (a pupil of Malliol) under his supervision. These are purest Renoir in composition—a projection of the type of painting he was doing from about 1900 onwards. ... plasticity of his figures was so strongly marked that they seemed t... from the canvas. In those last years, crippled with arthritis, eventu... to his wheel-chair, he painted with strength and plenty of colour ... strapped to his wrist. In 1917, when his *Les Parapluies* was placed o... at the National Gallery, London, some hundred English artists an... sent Renoir a testimonial of their admiration. This present ... another, and surely a popular, tribute to a great artist.

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LA PARISIENNE. The beautiful study in blue painted in 1874 and loaned for the occasion by the National Museum of Wales forms part of the important collection of French nineteenth-century Old Master paintings and sculpture bequeathed to the Museum in 1951 by the late Miss Gwendoline E. Davies. Oil on canvas, 63 by 41½ ins.

Lovely Michaela Denis is fascinated by this little fruit-eating bat—and the feeling is obviously mutual. He 's content to hang around while the lady's husband films him for his Technicolor pictorial record, *Below the Sahara*.

A tawny lioness pays a friendly call on a strawberry blonde—and behaves in an almost civilised fashion.

" BELOW THE SAHARA "

Below the Sahara is a colourful, exciting, dramatic record of life in Africa which Armand Denis, assisted by his attractive strawberry-blonde wife Michaela, has just finished making for RKO. To shoot the scenes they wanted, the pair travelled by ox-cart, trucks, 'planes, safari cars, dug-out canoes and on foot, and their experiences included some they certainly hadn't expected. The film, soon to be seen in Britain, culminates in a dramatic fight between an African tribe and a raiding troup of gorillas which had been killing natives in the area.

" Don't take more than your share, now ! " An exotic-looking crested crane watches Mrs. Denis take a bite of a tasty morsel while her husband's camera whirrs in the background, recording the scene for a film to be distributed by RKO.

Watching proceedings with great interest, but no watch-dogs, are these two Basenjis, the famous barkless hounds said to be descended from an ancient Egyptian breed.

Personality Parade—8

V. K. KRISHNA MENON, ESQ.

Photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Jitendra Arya.

Vengalil Krishnan Krishna Menon, Indian Delegate to the United Nations Assembly and a member of the Indian Council of State, is one of his country's most brilliant sons. At fifty-six he is unmarried. His career as diplomat, barrister, writer, publicist and sometime teacher has been chequered but purposeful—the proof, his remarkable success as High Commissioner here for India from 1947-1952. He has a diamond-like brilliance of mind which makes him a biting protagonist in debate, but a magnificent impromptu speaker; he marshals his facts with a piercing wit and delivers them with coolness and clarity. A man who does not suffer fools gladly, he is swift to judge and frequently explosive in temper. Sometimes brusque almost to the point of rudeness, he can also be incredibly gentle where sympathy is deserved. His selflessness and immense generosity of mind are a byword and, as is so often the case with the great, those whom he has worked hardest love him most. His own working day averages eighteen hours: he sets an impossibly high standard for those about him, yet all are unstinted in their praise. "Working for Krishna Menon was like service in the war," said one man, who had worked closely with him for some years, "one's character, ability and endurance are taxed to their utmost limits—but one would not have missed the experience for the world!"

TALKING OF TELEVISION: by CYRIL BUTCHER

Adapting a Play for Television

WHEN Beverley Nichols invited me to make a television adaptation of his *Evensong*—which you may remember as a best-selling novel and (in collaboration with the late Edward Knoblock) as a smash-hit on the stage—I envisaged at first merely a "scissors and paste" operation. The play lingered in the memory as a superb piece of theatre, and it seemed that any major change would be an unjustifiable attempt to gild the lily.

But, on reading the cold script, it soon became obvious that *theatre* was the precise term for the play, and that it would not at all suit television as it was. For a start it contained some thirty-five characters, more than half of whom were quite unnecessary to the plot. As actors rightly expect to be paid, this would have thrown the budget into a fine chaos.

Then, comparing the play with the novel, there was no doubt that the latter was infinitely more exciting, and that many effective scenes had had to be omitted or twisted to bring them within the three settings of the stage version. It seemed a waste—with all the resources of television to command—not to tell the story in a way which more closely followed the original pattern.

So the version, which you will be able to see on October 18th and 22nd, will have an entirely new script—drawn from both the book and the play. In making it I have deliberately used television's facilities to the full. Instead of the three changes of scene which the stage play contained, there will be twenty-six, with filmed sequences and moving back-projection thrown in for good measure. But I have made amends by cutting those thirty-five characters down to thirteen speaking parts! It has been a fascinating job of work, and now it has been made even more exciting by the fact that I have been drawn into the production of the piece.

In assisting those two delightful and gifted people, producer Douglas Allen and director Barbara Burnham, I have come to realise more than ever what a complicated business is the translation of a play from the typed pages of a script to the pictures on the television screen. I strongly recommend all critics to seize any opportunity of doing the same. For though difficulties and complications should play no part in the assessment of the finished product, a knowledge of them cannot fail to widen the understanding of the medium.

The story of *Evensong* centres round Irela, a world-renowned operatic star, who has passed the zenith of her powers. This character has, rightly or wrongly, been associated in the past with the late Dame Nellie Melba. Irela is a complex character—hateful in her possessiveness and meanness, but deserving of respect and admiration for her artistry and indomitable courage. Like all super-egoists, she is a lonely woman and, in the manner of a vampire, she sucks dry the lives of all who surround her. She knows better than anyone that her voice is no longer what it was, but she will not, she cannot, give up and retire. In *Evensong* we see how she reaps as she has sowed.

LILLEMORE KNUDSEN

Lillemore Knudsen is not only a young actress of considerable promise and a charming dancer, but she introduced some much-needed glamour to television by her performance in Chorus Girl. *She played the central character in this documentary programme, which showed the life of those supposedly gay and carefree "Ladies of the Line," with the gilt thoroughly taken off the gingerbread. Norman Lee, a man of vast experience in Show Business, served television well with an excellent script. Let us hope he has saved many a heartbreak by deterring young hopefuls from trying to break into the West End without long and expert training and adequate means to support themselves while they are "resting." Having myself begun a relinquished stage career as a "hoofer," I can assure any doubters that Mr. Lee's picture has, if anything, been underdrawn.*

This rôle is to be played by that fine actress, Mary Ellis, who in one scene will sing a song which has been specially written for her by Beverley Nichols.

Irela may not be able to bring herself to retire, and there were many jokes made about the seemingly endless "Farewells" which Melba—and others—gave. But there can be no question of the dignity with which Kirsten Flagstad, the greatest Wagnerian soprano of our time, has progressively laid aside her laurel crown. The opera houses of the world are never again to echo and vibrate to that fabulous voice, and she has given her last public recital. Now, on October 14, Flagstad is to give her farewell appearance with an orchestra, and the occasion is to be televised. The broadcast will come from the Royal Festival Hall, where she will sing five songs by Wagner, accompanied by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent.

To continue the operatic theme which seems to feature largely in the coming fortnight, there is the first of the *Opera for Everybody* series on October 16th. George Foa, who is responsible for the programme, describes it as one for "opera-haters as well as opera-lovers." This first is to deal with the chorus.

The less musical among our readers will be adequately catered for, however. They can with reasonable safety expect to find amusement and interest in two plays which have already proved their worth on the stage. I refer to *Full House*, by Ivor Novello, which is being done on October 11th and 15th, and *Black Chiffon*, by Lesley Storm.

CATEGORICALLY SPEAKING . . .

Good

The Medium, by Gian-Carlo Menotti. This is a terrifying, yet satisfying melodrama of a dishonest, coarse, fake medium, who finds that her trickery catches up with her. It was beautifully produced by that great artist in this *genre*, Carl Ebert, who obviously believes that opera has to be acted as well as sung. He cannot but have been delighted by the performances of Marie Powers and Elaine Malbin. I cannot say that Mr. Menotti's score impressed me as music, but as an underlining of the horrid drama it was most effective.

A Place of Execution, by Alfred Shaughnessy, the new Saturday night serial, has a tough assignment in following *The Quatermass Experiment*. Nevertheless, the first instalment of sinister goings-on ably fulfilled its task of making one long to know what was going to happen next.

Indifferent

The Return of Peggy Atherton, by Malcolm Stewart. I had hoped for better things from this play of blackmail and revenge. But I found the production by Leonard Brett on the loose side and the performances rather wooden.

The Bridge, by Lionel Shapiro. This was an interesting play about the efforts of an American oil tycoon to rescue a famous scientist from the envelopment of the Iron Curtain. There were two nice performances by Stanley Maxted and Arnold Marlé, but I cannot deny that the inept camera work and clumsy grouping by the producer, Owen Reed, worried me considerably.

Bad

Presumably it was Vic Oliver's idea that he should conduct the British Concert Orchestra in a performance of Tchaikovsky's Symphonic Fantasy, *Francesca da Rimini*, and that the story should be shown in ballet form while he was playing it. It was a good idea, and could have been most effective had Michel de Lutry's choreography been more in keeping with the music and not, at times, in direct conflict with it.

A Protest

If sponsored television is not yet to be, may the viewer cease to have the word *leather* rammed down his throat?

Specially drawn for "THE SKETCH" by Anton.

"YOU'LL HAVE TO HELP ME WITH MY HOMEWORK THIS EVENING, CHARLES."

Cheshire County Association Ball

A general view of the dancing.

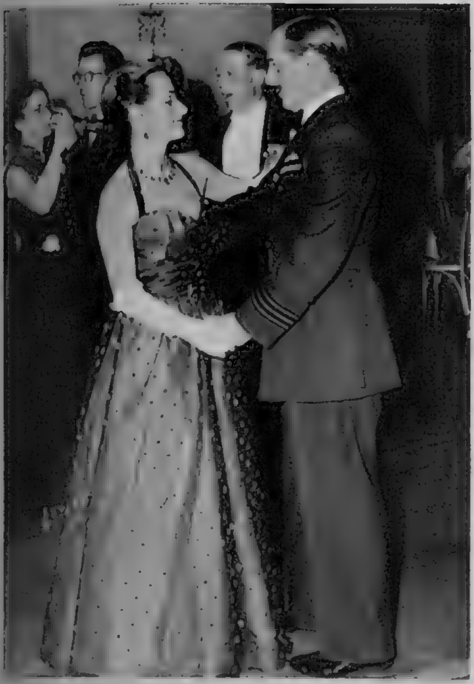
Lieut. John Taylor, of the Cheshire Yeomanry, takes the floor with Miss [illegible] Parkes.

Major the Viscount Leverhulme and Lady Leverhulme, *left*, receive Wing-Commander and Mrs. J. Randle-Hall.

Mrs. J. M. V. Cotterell chats with the Rt. Worshipful the Mayor of Chester, Alderman A. Charmley, J.P.

This foursome are, *l. to r.*: Lieut.-Colonel J. M. V. Cotterell, Lady Loewen, Colonel J. D. Kewish, and Lieut.-General Sir Chas. F. Loewen, G.O.C.-in-C., Western Command.

Another party relaxing between dances are, *l. to r.*: Major G. S. Elfer, Mrs. Elfer, Miss J. Boardman and Captain B. N. F. Bright.



Wing-Commander R. D. Graesser pilots his wife on a safe course around the dance floor.

Supper-table companions deep in conversation here are, *l. to r.:* Colonel and Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. Billy Johnson, Mrs. T. S. Bigland and Colonel T. S. Bigland.

The Grosvenor Hotel, Chester, was the scene of a very colourful and highly successful occasion on September 25th, when the Cheshire Territorial and Auxiliary Forces Association held a County Association Ball. Guests were received by the President of the Association, Major the Viscount Leverhulme, Lord Lieutenant of Cheshire, and Lady Leverhulme. Many of the male guests were in dress uniform, providing a delightful foil for the very lovely dresses worn by the ladies. Everyone agreed the ball was one of the most enjoyable ever held by the Association, and there was considerable praise for the organising efforts of those responsible for its success.

Colonel J. D. Kewish, Deputy-Lieutenant of Cheshire, dancing with Viscountess Leverhulme.

Supper-table neighbours Major J. E. Rae, of the Cheshire Yeomanry, and Mrs. G. L. Watham.

From *l. to r.:* Mrs. J. Randle-Hall, Lieut.-Commander H. F. Hickey, Wing-Commander J. Randle-Hall and Mrs. H. F. Hickey.

Major P. C. White, *right,* joins Major and Mrs. K. R. S. Trevor for a little light refreshment.

Five who got together for some bright conversation are, *l. to r.:* Miss A. Hulme, Major and Mrs. T. R. Davies, and Mrs. and Lieut.-Colonel C. C. Parkman, who commands the only Assault Engineer Regiment in the T.A.

From *l. to r.:* Captain E. N. Gibbons, Miss Pat Jewell, Mr. K. H. Riggall, Mrs. James Jessop, Mrs. K. H. Riggall, Mrs. E. N. Gibbons and Mr. James Jessop.

The Cathedral—once an Abbey—has unusually complete monastic buildings, though its external re-facing has given it rather a Victorian appearance.

CANDID COMMENTARIES: By CREDENDUS

Chester Revisited

Sketches by Susan Benson

CHESTER is a mediæval mirage. It promises much, has everything to impress the enquiring mind, yet so often disappoints the eye. Chester has the distinction of being the only city in England which retains its mediæval wall complete, a claim that whets the appetite of every sightseeing visitor. What I found was as impressive as a view from Kennington Oval. I was thankful for the provision of a handrail on this red sandstone walk, for at least it prevented me from pitching headlong into dreary backyards. It also served as a support whilst I admired the gas-works, the canal and sundry washing.

Fortunately, it is possible to forget this industrial crust by turning to the Rows. There is something casually un-English about these balconies; here is the most unusual shopping thoroughfare in these islands. I mounted the steps from the roadway and found some delightful shops in the dark arcades. The impression that lingers is one of black-and-white, half-timbered houses, like a street recalled from the Middle Ages.

I found even richer associations in a narrow side-street, where I came across a little shop within a stone's throw of its more elegant cousins. The exterior was unpretentious, no different from any other modest establishment owned by a purveyor of miscellaneous goods. Close acquaintance revealed that an air of genteel individuality touched its panes. Here was an island of intimate memories which the current of Chester life had missed. I opened the door and a bell like a thin tinkle of a harpsichord betrayed my presence.

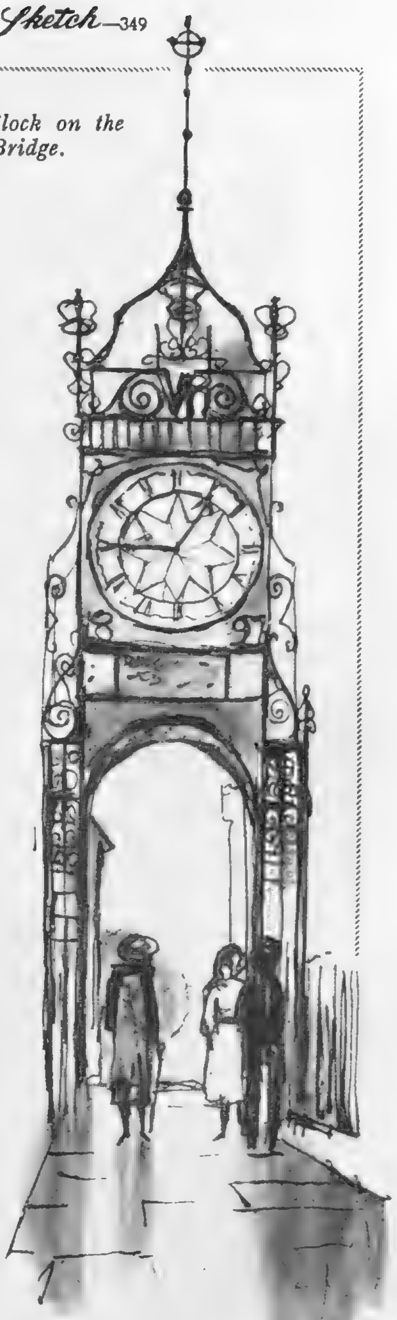
The gateway to Abbey Square. Chester has the distinction of being the only city in England to retain its mediæval wall complete.

I was in a Chester antique shop, respectable rather than renowned, with a clientèle conservative in taste instead of fugitive with an American accent.

One miniature caught my eye. I was captivated by the gleam of a white neck and eyes that refused to be serious. The dealer assured me that the likeness was a member of a once well-known Chester family. I refused to believe it. She looked French.

There was one other item which became mine. Nothing outstanding, intrinsic value slight, it was a small panel by an obscure artist. My interest was this . . . the painter had captured something with his brush that my eye has appreciated, but never retained. It was all there . . . all so familiar . . . yet so elusive, that silent space of time between day and night. The still hour of twilight, with day ended but night not begun. Long shadows across Thurstaston Hill. Shadows that came from nowhere. Smoke curling upwards from a lone house on the road to Caldy. Details silhouetted on the skyline, with the wind playing among the branches of those trees beyond the Hall. That panel personified for me the meaning of contentment. For a few pieces of silver I looked upon the image of peace.

Chester by night is full of atmosphere. The Rows become deserted tunnels, pitch black and empty. I tried to find out how the young people spent their evenings. A cacophony of instrumental wailing led me to a hall. The floor space was packed with shuffling bodies. Five of the seven ages of man were encased in a forest of multi-coloured shirts. The concomitants were



The Clock on the Bridge.

The Rows—the most unusual shopping thoroughfare in England.

familiar. A dance band of weary young men . . . sallow G.I.s of American-Latin extraction . . . bored-looking female habituées. The babel of chatter rose when the blast of the saxophone died.

The hours that slipped past unheeded in a whirl of brittle wit and negroid music had leaden feet elsewhere in the night. The outline of the Infirmary was a maze of highly-polished corridors mirroring fierce electric bulbs—an atmosphere which suggested discipline and routine. Those avenues of brightness led to the dimness of the wards: rows of silent beds. The ailments of the flesh were dulled by the balm of sleep. A feverish movement in the far corner told of a woman who lay counting the minutes for the sky to turn grey.

What else did the night hold. I walked along the wall until I could descend to the Dee. The flowing of the river between silent banks assumed an intimacy denied by day. It was remote and melancholy. It beckoned to the hopeless and despondent with an air of callous indifference. The water looked sullen and treacherous, liquid history that respected no man, and I thought how King Edgar in 973 was rowed in his barge by tributary princes; but in the backwaters it became alive with unseen activity. The water meadows echoed a sudden splash as some creature of the watery underworld disturbed the smooth-flowing Dee. Sound travels far in the cold still air. The movements of this alien element were known to the lictors as they walked these banks.

As I stood on the wet grass, touched slightly by frost, and thought of returning to my hotel, men and women were rushing to catch the last bus and train home. I went as far as the station. The air on the platform was lifeless. Nothing was fresh. Those who waited looked jaded. Newspapers were crumpled. The train rattled in like a living creature anxious to get to bed. The carriages were a postscript to a day that had gone. Stubs of cigarettes, torn paper and dust. The doors were slammed. In the station left behind, there were no more passengers, only night workers. Wheeled traffic had died away in the town. An odd taxi drifted by. Only the shadows on the wall remained mediæval. A cat strolled towards the Abbey Close, the incarnation of the time when Chester was the City of the Legions.

The Suspension Bridge.

Old Bridge—Chester and the Dee are inseparably entwined.

AT THE CINEMA with C. A. LEJEUNE

The Risk of Repetition

The Man Between

(Carlton)

A FILM director who tries to repeat the pattern of an earlier success is running a tremendous risk, and I cannot feel that Sir Carol Reed was altogether well advised in attempting *The Man Between* so soon after *The Third Man.* Apart from the similarity of title, there is a marked similarity in the plot and atmosphere of the two films. Comparisons, although odious, are inevitable.

The Third Man was set in post-war Vienna. *The Man Between* is set in post-war Berlin. A young English girl (Claire Bloom), sister of a British Army doctor (Geoffrey Toone), comes out to pay what she expects to be a normal, pleasant visit to her brother and his German wife (Hildegarde Neff). But from the moment of her arrival, Miss Bloom senses (and from the way Miss Neff carries on she could hardly escape doing so) that her sister-in-law is in some kind of trouble. By and by, the trouble materialises, in the form of a mystery man (James Mason) from the Eastern Sector. Mr. Mason wears a very foreign topcoat with a fur collar, speaks English with a German accent, and is clearly up to no good. Nevertheless, Miss Bloom falls in love with him, and as a result, her visit to Berlin turns out to be far from normal.

The Man Between doesn't strike me as nearly such a successful melodrama as *The Third Man,* and there is nothing in it to touch the deadly efficacy of the zither tunes. But it has memorable touches—the mysterious boy cyclist who follows Mr. Mason wherever he goes; the sinister approach of a kidnap car, its cleared windscreen glaring like a monster's eyes through a camouflage of snow; a cunning little scene in a power plant, with two conspirators discussing their sabotage plans in English at the tops of their voices, in front of a man who speaks nothing but German.

James Mason strikes me as doing well in a difficult part. His acting seems to have reached maturity in recent years, and he makes the German lawyer, who has learnt bitterness and opportunism through his war experiences, a far more complex character than one usually meets in pictures. Claire Bloom has great photographic charm, and the smaller parts are excellently filled. Miss Neff's performance, I 'm afraid, doesn't quite come off.

If *The Man Between* is not the best of Carol Reed's films, it is at least better than nine films out of ten. He is not a director who shoots pictures off the cuff. Hard weeks of thought and preparation go into them all—but it would be nice to have our most distinguished British director turn his cameras on a story nearer home, and give us an Odd Man Out, a Third Man, a Man Between, or any other kind of man, in London.

The Queen will attend a gala performance of *Aren't We All ?* the comedy by Frederick Lonsdale, at the Haymarket Theatre, on Thursday, October 22nd, at 8.30 p.m., proceeds from which will be given to King George's Pension Fund for Actors and Actresses. Tickets at 2 guineas, 1 guinea and 10s. 6d. can be obtained from Miss Cicely Courtneidge, the Haymarket Theatre, London, S.W.1, and cheques should be made out to the charity. In this picture Lady Frinton (Marie Löhr) is actually encouraging her future husband, Lord Gresham (Ronald Squire), to take one of those trips to Paris !

Inferno

(Odeon, Marble Arch)

AS far as one can see the film for the glasses, *Inferno,* a 3-D drama made in Hollywood by British director Roy Baker, is indubitably the best one yet. The reason is probably that the story is both strong and simple. It is a tale of a rich husband with a broken leg, abandoned by his wife and her lover to die in the middle of the desert. The sudden need for survival, and the driving desire for revenge, bring out the strength and ingenuity of a man who before had no cause for them.

I still find it difficult to regard a film seen through polaroid glasses as anything other than a freak; and the physical effort of adjusting myself to these new conditions of viewing is not, admittedly, in the full interests of criticism. It is not so much that the glasses are apt to destroy brightness and definition, and that there seems to be no middle distance, nothing very clearly stated between foreground and background; nor even that constant pinpricks of light seem to puncture the image; as that the consciousness of the novelty stands solidly between me and the substance of the story.

But I can pay the film no higher compliment than to say that, after the first ten minutes, I almost forgot the distraction of 3-D in the interest of the plot. Robert Ryan, as the abandoned husband, has very little to do except utter his thoughts out loud, while he gradually drags, propels or lowers his injured frame from rock to rock. But within these strait limits, he manages to convey quite remarkably, the sense of a man of character; a good man, whom one *wants* to see emerge victorious.

I am told that *Inferno* was originally devised as a picture in two dimensions. Possibly that is why it is still good in three.

Return to Paradise

(Odeon, Leicester Square)

GARY COOPER'S new film can be regarded as in some sense a sequel to *South Pacific.* Filmed entirely in British West Samoa, it presents Mr. Cooper as a seafaring vagabond, who saves a Polynesian island from oppression by a bigoted missionary and his band of bullies; sets up house with a native woman; casually, like Pinkerton in *Madam Butterfly,* sails away again to America; and returns to his paradise island fifteen or so years later, in time to save his daughter from her mother's fate.

The acting is considerably better than the story, and the Technicolor scenery even better than the acting. It is pleasant to watch these simple, graceful people performing their native dances, swimming in their blue lagoon, climbing their tall palms, and even indulging in a primitive game of cricket. One delightful scene takes us into a native schoolroom, where a cheerful crowd of young Polynesians are chanting their peculiar version of the English language. Britain's Barry Jones gives a splendid performance as a missionary with the courage to rise above his own shortcomings, and a young actress named Moira MacDonald, new to me, invests the adolescent daughter with quite striking charm.

BELITA BACKSTAGE

An ice-queen off the ice—Belita poses in her dressing-room after the tremendous success of her starring performance in the première of *Champagne on Ice* at the London Hippodrome. With amazing vitality, she dances, mimes, clowns and flies her way through a water-ballet scene, topping it all with a hilarious comedy routine with her husband, Joel Riordan.

A "SKETCH" SHORT STORY

John and Peter

by Douglas Edwards

"J-O-O-OHN! J-o-o-ohn!" The shrill voice soared across the farmyard, past the incubating house, through the woodshed and the carpenter's shop and up the long, chalky hillside.

Half-way up the hill was a wooden hut, supported on the lower side by stilts. It was nearly filled with bags of dredge-corn, bran and dried milk, and piles of empty sacks. On top of the sacks a boy of thirteen lay on his back, his eyes staring in pop-eyed amazement. He was reading his favourite strip cartoon, *Martian Monsters*.

"J-o-o-ohn! J-o-o-ohn!"

He fought sternly against the call. The sacks on which he lay were warm and comforting, and made up for the company he lacked. The magazine provided him with vicarious thrills, compensating for the separation from his mother. She was a chronic invalid and could not bear the sound of a child around the house. Many of his holidays from boarding-school were spent wholly at the farm in the care of Mrs. Gail. His mind, dwelling on these things, was again assailed by the high-pitched, insistent voice. Resistance was useless. He hid the magazine behind a bundle of rabbit-skins, and crawled gloomily over the pungent sacks.

In the fresh morning air his spirits revived. He pushed back his straight, fair hair with dirty, stubby fingers, and gaily mounted the old bicycle which stood against the shed. The iron rims, bare of tyres, rattled down the stony track and straight into the backyard where Mrs. Gail stood.

"There now, John. I thought you must be around somewhere."

"I was fast asleep."

"Just run round to Mr. Marmian's and get me a pound of cheese—Cheshire cheese—and two pounds of back rashers." Rarely a day passed without an errand of this kind.

Just outside the gate he was greeted by a young girl.

"Hullo, John."

"Hullo, Peter."

Her boyish name continually intrigued him. She was the same age as himself, fair and similar to him in many ways, but plumper; her father, a butcher, declared that she was his finest advertisement.

"Where are you going, John?"

Her voice was soft as the cooing of a dove.

"'Gail o' wind' sent me out. Shopping as usual."

"Shame!"

"Hope she loses her voice and never gets it back," he said. He felt better now.

The pavement was raised high above the road. The road was flooded by a stream which had overflowed its banks, and ran through the village. It was reputed to do this once every seven years. But John had been coming to the village over a period of five years, and every year he had seen the flood.

"I'd like to drop her in the stream and watch her float through the village while everyone threw tomatoes at her—rotten ones," he continued with relish. Conscience smote him suddenly. "She's quite nice, really—and sometimes I feel sorry for her."

They approached the footbridge which crossed the flooded road, close by the lop-sided post office. Near the bridge was a shallow ford for road traffic. John stepped back and took a run at the ford. He jumped, and landed cleanly on the other side. "Come on," he demanded while Peter hesitated on the brink.

In spite of her plumpness she moved swiftly. He watched her fair hair flying backwards in the breeze. Her short skirt, too, was caught by the breeze. It pressed tightly against her legs, which were pink and chubby, but straight and well-proportioned. For a brief instant she seemed suspended in mid-air, with the shape of her body outlined against her clothes.

She alighted on a stone just short of the water's edge. It rocked alarmingly. John stepped forward quickly and she fell towards him. Her voice escaped in a low sigh of relief, and it had a sensual, caressing quality. Now she was in his arms, soft and affectionate.

He forgot the street and the people. He forgot that little girls were to be laughed at and never on any account to be taken seriously. Her merry eyes invited him. For one mad moment he thought of kissing her. How warm she was! They clung together tightly, both wondering how to end the embrace. To draw away without a word would clothe the episode with embarrassment. He shouted with laughter and danced her around, holding her under the arms, and they whirled into a gay dance, their voices echoing down the street and mingling with the tippling of the water over the roadway. He let her go, and they continued up the street on opposite sides, hurling insults at each other.

The doorbell jangled heartily as they entered Mr. Marmian's dark little shop. They pushed their way through a screen of flies and wasps towards the counter.

Mr. Marmian had a broad, flat face like a playing-card. He was extremely old-fashioned. Although most grocers had already installed cutting machines, he still sliced the bacon by hand.

John and Peter waited patiently while Mr. Marmian served Mrs. Golightly. Peter used the suspended moment to announce:

"We're leaving. Going to London," she whispered.

John felt the life drain away from him.

He had experienced loneliness—too much, in fact. But this was desolation. A few minutes ago he had discarded all the little attitudes of mind that he had cultivated to offset his solitary existence. For one tantalising instant he had touched the fringes of human warmth and intimacy. His mind recoiled from the prospect of renewing his sterile and unsatisfying existence.

"Well, son, what can I do for you?"

Mr. Marmian beamed at him. John got the impression that the question had been repeated. He gave him the order.

"When?" he whispered to Peter.

"Don't know. In a few days."

He watched the keen blade flake off the bacon into pink-and-white slices. Outside the shop he took Peter's hand surreptitiously.

"Will I see you again?"

"I don't know. But I'll try," she added earnestly. Their romp had been just a game to her at first, but now she felt a tug at her heart. She decided she would miss him very much.

"How about to-morrow?" he pleaded.

"Mum's taking me into town to buy some clothes."

"Friday, then?"

"All right. Friday evening, about six o'clock. Where shall we meet?"

John, anxious that no one should know of their meeting, decided that the barn was the best place at that time of day.

They lolled on the heap of sacks and talked rather self-consciously. John whittled wood to cover his embarrassment.

"Why are you leaving, Peter?"

"Dad can't work properly since he cut his wrist."

"Did it bleed much? I expect it made an awful mess."

"Ooh, yes!" she exclaimed. She took the penknife from him. "It was terrible! He jabbed at a piece of meat just like this." The keen blade cut the air in a swift arc towards her hand.

"Stop!"

He couldn't bear it. She had suddenly become too important to take risks.

"It's all right," she said. Her fat little face puckered into an amused grimace. "I was only showing you."

He took the knife away from her and closed it, sighing with relief. He felt suddenly faint, and broke into a soft perspiration. The sadness which had been slowly fermenting inside him, almost unknown to him, came rushing to the surface of his consciousness. Peter, who seemed to sense the change in him, was quiet. They both remained silent, deep in their own private thoughts.

Suddenly their peace was shattered.

"J-o-o-ohn! J-o-o-ohn!"

The shrill cry hit him like a cold shower. He tensed his body against the physical impact of it.

"J-o-o-ohn! J-o-o-ohn!"

He knew it was useless to resist: the habit of obedience was too strong in him. It was a call back to the life he had left for such a brief moment. Peter lifted herself on one elbow and looked to him for guidance. He rolled over and took her in his arms and kissed her, and hugged her tightly.

Then he ran swiftly out of the barn.

For a week he saw nothing of Peter, nor did he hear any news of her. He was too shy to ask anyone or to be seen near her house. Then he took courage, and walked over the hill to the far end of the village.

The shop was empty and the house deserted.

Our International Fashion Portfolio

by NORAH OWEN

Paris—the Dior Hemline

This line of CHRISTIAN DIOR is the one that has caused fashion writers all over the world to sharpen their pencils, and dressmakers to take out their scissors. Exciting in its newness is this informal dinner-dress in light blue Harris tweed. The main fashion points are the top fullness, the lack of sleeves, the beltless waistline and the shorter skirt. This skirt can be seen to be not unduly short, although we have been led to believe that we must all bare our knees to a cold world. Dior's average skirt length is the one at which English women normally wear their country tweed skirts.

[Continued overleaf.

OUR INTERNATIONAL FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Paris—the Variety of Fashion

Apart from the couturiers' divergence of views on the length of skirts, which range from Dior's hemlines to the longer skirts of Balenciaga, there is a wide variety of line among the designers. Coats, particularly, vary enormously. They can be fitted, fitted in front and loose at the back, bulky, slim, short or seven-eighths length. They are either collarless or their collars are huge.

Particular emphasis among most designers is given to the top of the body, in coats and dresses. Shoulders are naturally rounded, and width is given to the upper arm, with concentration by tucks, folds, pleats and draping on the bosom. With the return to the Princess dress in so many collections the line clings smoothly to the body below the bosom to the waist.

Evening dresses have this same bosom emphasis and rib-clinging line. There is a movement towards a du Maurier bustle look, and many Empire-line dresses. Popular is a short, bell-skirted dress in rich fabric, very much jewelled and embroidered.

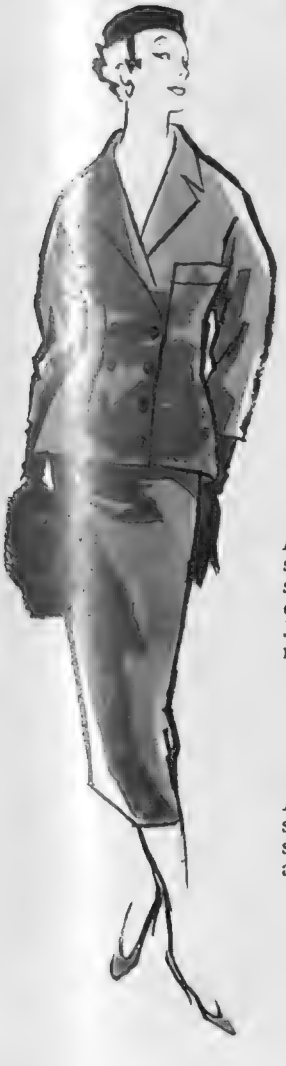
As in London, the fabric is tweed. The main colours are black ; every shade of brown, often used with black ; jewel and pastel colours for evening. Hats are tiny and forward-tilted. Shoes, so important with shorter skirts, are pointed and spindle-heeled.

Popular in Paris this winter are printed heavy-weight wool fabrics, particularly in "jungle" patterns, wild-animal markings such as ocelot, zebra, and the like, quite different from "fur fabrics." Here is JACQUES FATH's full-length coat, with its hairy surface marked with tiger stripes in grey and black. The shortened sleeve-length is seen here.

Below : A dress and coat, ideal for cocktails, the theatre or dinner, a basic pair for "after-six." By CHRISTIAN DIOR, the dress is in beige lace, with Princess lines. The coat in rich brown velvet, voluminous in its folds, repeats the London theme of brown for evening.

Above : A superb short evening dress by BALENCIAGA, whose skirts are longer than before. In white-dotted black satin, with long sleeves and a low-cut back.

Above : For ski-ing or casual wear, a high-buttoning jacket in white lambskin, by MAX REBY. The fur-lined boots are English, from Morlands of Glastonbury.



Left : The "clothes-hanger" shoulder line and the shortened sleeve are shown in a red double-breasted suit by JACQUES FATH. The hat and muff are of Persian Lamb.

Right : A black-and-white slim dress with its matching short coat. The coat ties with a bow, low in front. By CHRISTIAN DIOR.

Right : A black town suit from LANVIN-CASTILLO, showing the popular upper-arm fullness and bosom detail. The hat, cuffs and collar are in ocelot fur.

Specially drawn for "THE SKETCH" by Alfred Schall.

[*Continued overleaf.*

OUR INTERNATIONAL FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Dublin—
a new centre of Fashion

Dublin has become a new seat of Fashion, with the brilliant collection by SYBIL CONNOLLY, of Richard Alan, which was shown this Autumn at Dunsany Castle. Much use is made of beautiful Irish tweeds, linen, lace and leather, and American buyers are taking a great interest in these attractive clothes. This charming pure white ball gown, with its double-petal, strapless neckline, is in acetate faille, by Bradford and Perrier.

Rome—
detail and colour

Buyers from America and London have been flocking to Italy, to look at and to buy the collections from the many excellent designers of Rome, Florence and Milan, who are putting up strong opposition to the Paris designers. But whereas Paris couturiers set the basic line for the world, the Italians fill in the details ; and they give strength to these details by setting them in most sensitive colour harmonies. Even in their tailoring there is great femininity, and their evening dresses are dramatic and romantic. There are several different lines, but no exaggerated styles, and the general effect is of imagination and good taste.

Perhaps most striking are the play clothes and casual wear, and the vitality and ingenuity of the accessories and costume jewellery, which are part of this acute attention to detail. Here again, tweed is the most dramatic fabric. There is great use of black and strikingly beautiful strong colours, as one would expect from Italian designers.

Left: A simply-cut, elegantly tailored coat for town, in dust-blue wool velour, with a low belted waistline, by ANTONELLI, who shows a "Balalaika" line, with much skirt fullness at the back.

Right: CAPUCCI calls his new line the "Dove," with concentration on the front. This dressmaker suit in light grey wool has a moulded bodice and a double front skirt, with a short basque at the back.

A dress and jacket in two shades of grey wool satin, by CAROSA. Dark grey is used for the slim, moulded dress; the lined jacket, with its low, revealing neckline, is in a paler shade.

FERDINANDI shows many suits, accenting their deep raglan sleeves with a curve that follows through to the waistline. Here is his suit in grey tweed, showing this raglan in a loose jacket.

[Continued overleaf.

OUR INTERNATIONAL FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

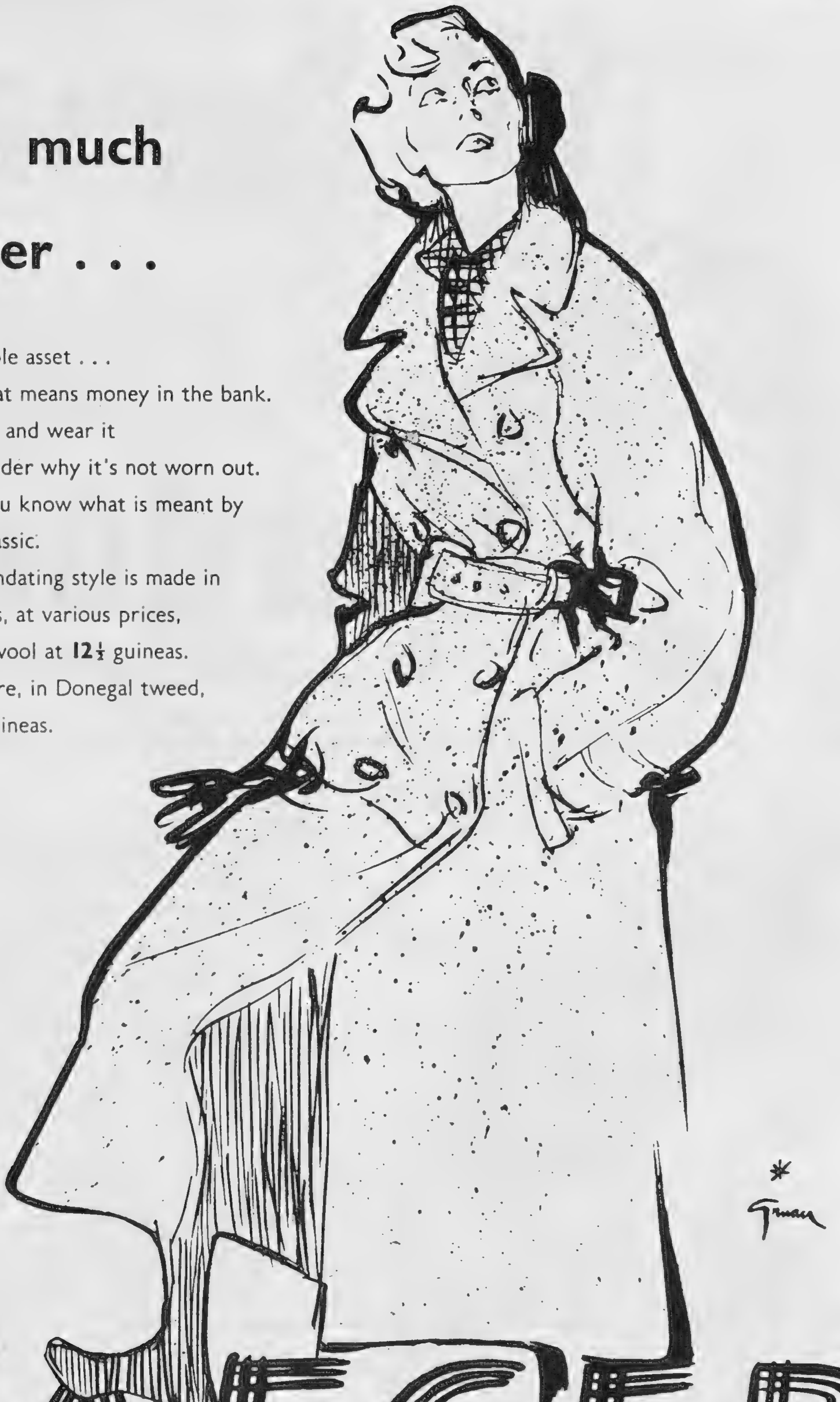
Elegant Economy in England

With the autumn crop of cocktail parties rapidly increasing, most women feel the need for one or two new party dresses. Here is a graceful dress by Susan Small, in blue-and-black shot taffeta. The neck is widely cut, the bodice moulded to the waist, with three-quarter sleeves, the skirt is full, buttoning from neck to hem. From Fenwick's of Bond Street; and Rackham's of Birmingham; price 10 guineas.

Studio Hanover.

very much Jaeger . . .

and a tangible asset . . .
this coat that means money in the bank.
You wear it and wear it
till you wonder why it's not worn out.
And *then* you know what is meant by
a Jaeger Classic.
The same undating style is made in
many fabrics, at various prices,
from plain wool at **12½** guineas.
The coat here, in Donegal tweed,
costs **16½** guineas.



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TO THE LATE
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Three Star (Dry Pale or Brown), 18/-
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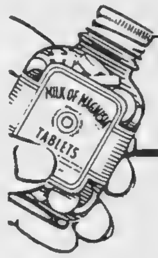

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SO QUICK *to relieve acidity*
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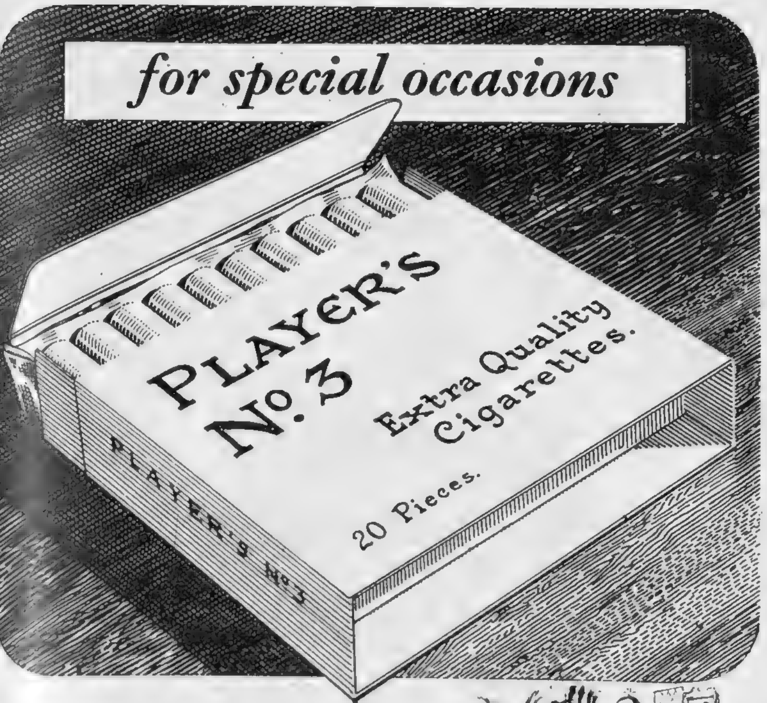

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[3P1198]

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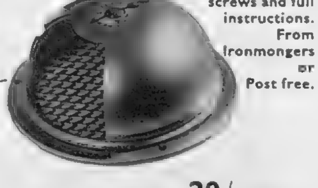
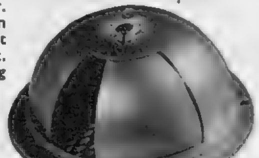


With fixing screws and full instructions. From Ironmongers or Post free.

4½" diameter 20/- PAIR.



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WHILE HE CORRECTS
les exercices de ses élèves
THE EXERCISES OF HIS

découragéants, le
DISPIRITING PUPILS, THE
professeur boit
SCHOOLMASTER DRINKS
des verres de Dubonnet.
A GLASS OR TWO OF DUBONNET.
Tandis que le Dubonnet
WHILST THE DUBONNET
soulage son exaspération,
EASES HIS EXASPERATION,
il aiguise aussi son esprit
IT SHARPENS ALSO HIS
de représailles.
DEVASTATING WIT.

(Prenez garde les gars!)
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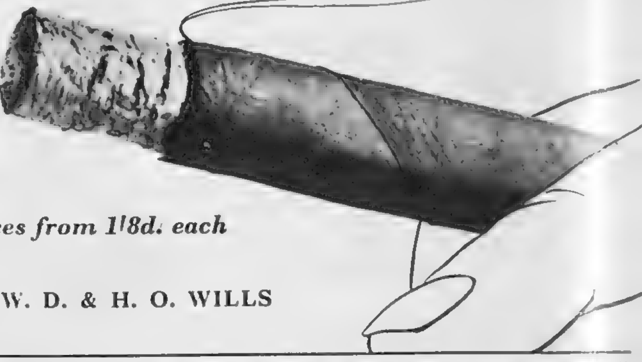

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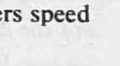

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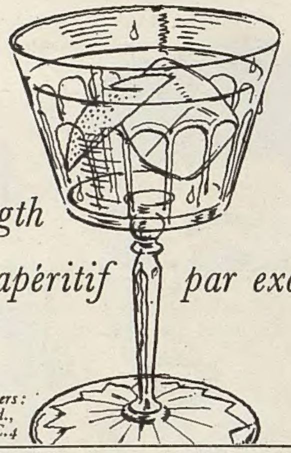

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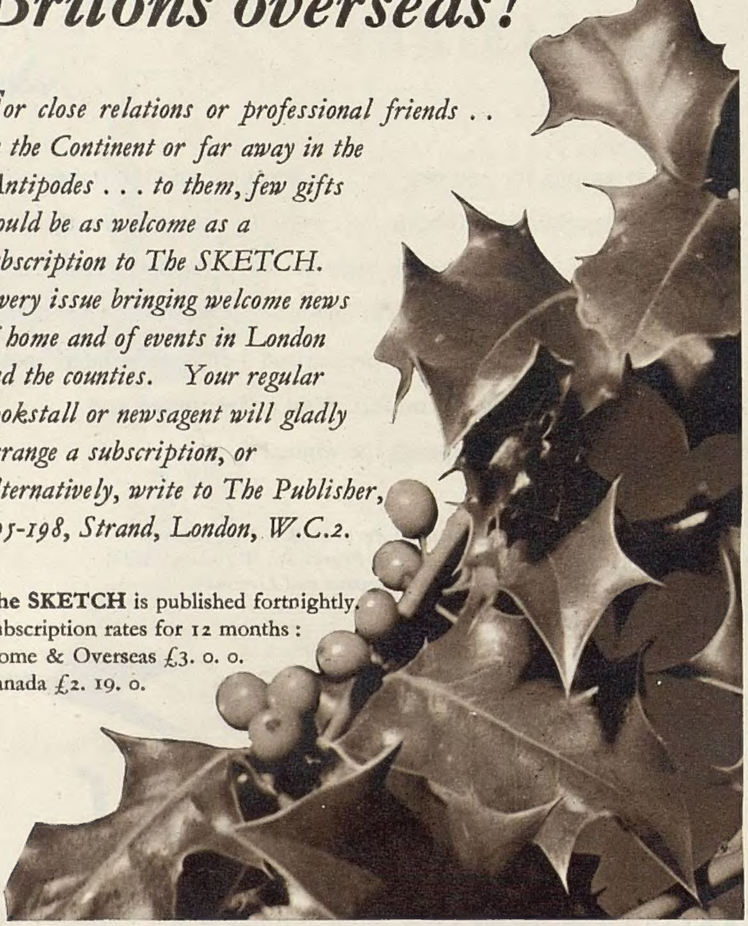

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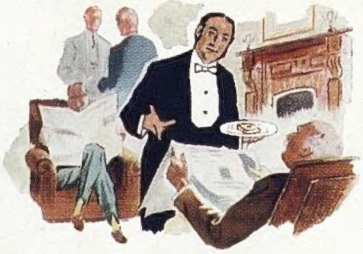
The handyman about the house
Hit thumb instead of wood,
But he'll recover from the blow
With Kensitas—that's good!

(Kensitas—the fresher, smoother cigarette)



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